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SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY,
1862.

BY E. R. S.

Hail! all hail the day,
The bright, glorious day,
When the banner of Freedom unfurl'd:
It was purchased with blood,
And the tall standard stood
As a beacon of light for the world.

CHORUS:

O Freedom—fair Freedom,
Boon of the brave;
Here thy spire rises high,
Like a tower in the sky,
And thy banner forever shall wave.

Praise our noble sires,
Who erected fires
On the altars of justice and peace;
We will cherish the same
Bright and pure holy flame,
And its incense henceforth will increase,

CHORUS:—O Freedom, etc.

There's a sad, sad sound
Which "the wires" take round;
And it comes from fair Liberty's home!
Where disunion has spread,
And the fierce warrior's tread
Fills with sorrow the cottage and dome!

CHORUS:—O Freedom, etc.

Here we'll never swerve,
But, as gold, preserve
The just rights which are manfully given;
While protection's broad fold
We unflinchingly hold,
As bequeathed by our country and heav'n.

CHORUS:—O Freedom, etc.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF
HIS MOST
EXCELLENT
MAGESTY
CHARLES
THE FIRST
IN WHICH
IS CONTAINED
A TRUE
AND
FAITHFUL
RELATION
OF THE
MATTERS
AND
AFFAIRS
THAT
PASSED
UNDER
HIS
MAGESTY'S
GOVERNMENT
FROM
THE
BEGINNING
OF HIS
MAYESTY'S
REIGN
UNTIL
THE
DEATH
OF
HIS
MAGESTY
IN
THE
YEAR
OF
OUR
LORD
1649

By
JAMES
HARRISON